

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow once wrote, "Give what you have. To someone, it may be better than you dare to think." These words sat on Madeleine's desk and this is how she lived her life. She gave all that she could, to any whom she could.

During her 15 years in Traverse City, she took in two teens, one as a foster child, and just last year, took a Russian exchange student into her heart. She raised Glen and Stahsy as confidently and as warmly as she did her own, showing them how a family works and how true motherly love feels.

While Madeleine consistently showed that her family, friends and spiritual life were her top priorities, she also set up her own law firm with partner Thomas Gilbert and became quite a renowned lawyer. Madeleine served a short period as a rotarian and also spent much time as a Wexford County referee. On her ten year reunion questionnaire form for University of Detroit, Madeleine said that the thing she liked most about her practice was her community involvement.

Because of this community involvement, and her work, motivation and persistent work in many fields, Madeleine was recognized and thanked by organizations including: The Michigan Association for Emotionally Disturbed Children, United Way, Women's Resource Center, American Cancer Society, Third Level Crisis Center, State Theatre Group, Traverse City Chamber of Commerce and Crooked Tree Girl Scouts. She wrote articles for both the Business News and the Prime Time News, teaching her readers to be able to negotiate for themselves.

Among the many things that she was known for, she will be most missed for her exploding, infectious laughter which brightened any situation, softened any reality and livened any chance encounter. Her laughter brought people in. It was one of her best ways of showing love. Caroline, shortly before her mother's death, said "Your laughter makes me feel important." And that it did.

Although a devout Catholic, Madeleine believed in the basic dignities inherent to all religions, races and cultures. She had faith in Christ the Savior, yet acknowledged that many beliefs may be the right belief, while very few could be wrong if the human consciousness was in the right place.

Friends may call from 2 to 4 p.m. and 6 to 8 p.m. Sunday at Immaculate Conception Church in Traverse City. A rosary will be recited at 8 p.m. A funeral Mass will be celebrated at 2 p.m. Monday at the church. Madeleine was planning to travel to Haiti to set up a medical mission this August. She would be pleased to have donations sent to Mission of Love, 931 Crestwood Drive, East, Evansville, IN 47715 or Women's Resource Center, 720 S. Elmwood, Traverse City, MI 49684.

Written by Madeleine's beloved son, Christopher.

#### IN MEMORY OF PAUL SCOTT HOWELL

• Mr. INHOFE. Mr. President, on Wednesday, July 28, Paul Scott Howell of Edmond, Oklahoma was shot and killed as he pulled into the driveway of his parents' home. The apparent motive is carjacking. At the time of his death, Mr. Howell was returning from a shopping trip for school supplies with his daughters and his sister. Fortunately, his daughters and sister were not harmed.

On Monday, August 2, the City of Edmond mourned this senseless death. It

was clear from the tone of the service and from those who attended that Paul was loved and admired by many. Although I never had the pleasure of knowing Paul, I suspect that not only have his family and friends suffered a great loss but the entire country has as well because Paul was one of those people that we all wish we could be like. I think Carol Hartzog, the Managing Editor of the Edmond Sun newspaper says it best in a recent column, "You would have liked Paul Howell." Mr. President, I ask to have printed in the RECORD Ms. Hartzog's tribute to Paul Scott Howell.

The tribute follows:

[From The Edmond Sun, Aug. 3, 1999]

YOU WOULD HAVE LIKED PAUL HOWELL

(By Carol Hartzog)

Paul Howell's life went full circle.

Four-year-old "Paulie" was blessed by a security that only a 1950s-era Edmond could provide. It was an idyllic time. Forty years later, Paul was gunned down dead in his boyhood neighborhood last Wednesday. He was a blessed youngster, and through life's trials, has been gifted as an adult. He would in turn bless all who knew him.

Despite his death, his testament will live on.

Often, the media will make a victim of random violence into a larger-than-life character.

But in this case, Paul Howell ministered to so many, young and old. On one hand, he would light up a room with his bounding presence, his boisterous, fun-loving way. On the other hand, in an unassuming way, this 45-year-old man would mentor to those who had fallen victim of the bottle and sought help from Alcoholics Anonymous.

Not only was he a recovering alcoholic, but he had such a passion for it that his story will live—and benefit—so many long after his death. He carried the message to other alcoholics, and mentored them through their steps of recovery.

"Paul didn't just use AA," his brother Bill told me. "AA used him to continue to reach out to others. . . . He grabbed hold of it. He was available all the time, and pushed other people into it, and I was so proud of him doing it."

"It takes a special person to let go of that anonymity," Bill said. Paul really didn't care. He was so happy that AA had changed his life, he wanted to reach out and change as many people as he could.

"That's the real wonder of Paul."

Paul took AA's philosophy to the ultimate degree—one day at a time. A funeral for an alcoholic often gathers a handful of people. Often, there has been no road to recovery, only to death, either by your own hand or another's.

In contrast, Paul Howell's funeral Monday was a celebration—a celebration of one who had triumphed. And with Paul's gifts of an award-winning smile, his sense of humor and his good looks, he helped so many because of his Maker.

Because of his hardships, he connected with the youth of his church, relating his failures and his message, "Don't do to your parents what I did."

Howell's funeral Monday brought people from all the "walks" of his life—his boyhood chums, his AA friends and the community of faith that had been there, literally, from the beginning.

I never had the pleasure of meeting Paul. But it was evident from the many I visited with that what I have said is true. He and his family touched many lives. His family roots extend to the Land Run here.

Sitting next to me was the 80-something year-old retired church organist, who accompanied Paul's mother, Dorothy, and the rest of the choir. The musician watched little Paul and his older brothers grow up.

On the other side of me was Larry, a business associate in the insurance industry. Paul would visit Larry's office at least monthly. He has a gregarious nature.

"I expect by now, he's met everyone in heaven and they all like him," he said. "He never met a stranger. Although, last week, he did."

And then there's the teen-ager who was in Paul's ninth- and 10th-grade Sunday School class.

"He was really cool," Matt said. Paul would occasionally give him tickets to University of Oklahoma ball games.

Leroy spoke at Howell's funeral Monday. Leroy is "A friend of Bill W.," as the funeral bulletin would state. That reference is to the founder of AA.

Through powerful, audible terms, all those who attended the funeral knew Paul's influence through AA. When Leroy spoke from the pulpit and said, "Hello, my name is Leroy and I'm a recovering alcoholic. . . ." I would surmise a third of those in attendance said, "Hello, Leroy," the standard response spoken in unison at AA meetings. You knew Paul was a testament to the power of AA.

The diversity of Paul's scope of influence was apparent. The sanctuary was overflowing. There were hundreds lining its walls, in the foyer, the crying rooms and other anterooms—1,200 people in all, it's estimated. The altar area was covered with 25 flower arrangements—the huge kind that would only look small in the setting of a British cathedral. Dozens more lesser arrangements filled in what space was left.

Paul's memorial service was also a testament to Edmond—a community coming together to pay its respects to the victim of such a random, senseless act.

In the 1950's this then-small town would give Paulie a Rockwell-esque setting in which to grow up. The town's population was 9,000. First Christian Church provided the security that came with that.

He and his two older brothers would bound over fences to the neighbors' houses where the Gibsons and the Rices lived. He grew up in a tight-knit neighborhood where many of his playmates remained to adulthood and to adult responsibilities. That's unique in Edmond today, where a third of our population didn't live here five years ago.

His youthful years became troubled with normal teen-age problems, drinking being a part of that.

Twelve years ago, his life took another turn when he admitted his alcoholism and sought help with AA. That road would take him to a new high, a pinnacle that few reach when struggling with alcoholism.

His community of faith at First Christian Church would walk with him. And along that long stretch, he touched so many. He had been given a gift of new life through AA, and he has been giving back over the years.

This community has pulled together before—the 1986 tornado that struck our town but miraculously took no lives. The post-office massacre that same year that took 15 citizens. And the Murrah Building bombing that took 19 Edmond residents.

We don't get any better at coping.

But we know, as the Rev. Kyle Maxwell so eloquently stated Monday, that "suffering got us here (through the crucifixion of Christ on the Cross)."

Let's not "try to make sense out of the senseless crime," Maxwell said.

"The 'why?' of it is that God created us to be free. Sometimes that's too heavy a burden for some people." He has given us the freedom to be compassionate and the freedom to take another's life, Maxwell said.

I believe that Christians are to be people of grace and of forgiveness. We are as sinful as the people who took Paul's life. In this case, society places consequences on those sins acted out. But, Jesus said that any sin is just as deadly, even if it is, unspoken and remains in the heart.

You are to forgive, for if you don't, anger will literally eat away any energy or beauty that Paul may have placed in your hearts.

That's what it's all about. Grace. And if you are not at that point to forgive in your journey, say so. Make a commitment to try.

The families of those in jail who are on this side of heaven and going through a worldly hell need your prayers.

I believe Paul would have been right there, leading the prayer service for those sinners like himself. He has experienced his own private hell and knew from whence they came.●

#### 50TH YEAR ANNIVERSARY OF THE MANN GULCH FIRE

● Mr. BURNS. Mr. President, I rise today to remember a significant, but often overlooked historical event in our nation's past—Montana's Mann Gulch Fire which occurred 50 years ago today. This event continues to capture the nation's attention because thirteen brave, young men died fighting this fire. LIFE Magazine ran a big story shortly after this fire. In 1952, Hollywood made a movie about this unfortunate disaster called "Red Skies of Montana." And Norman Maclean, who wrote the famous book "A River Runs Through It", wrote a haunting best-seller entitled "Young Men and Fire" in 1992. But even more remarkable, this single event marked a turning point in the way the federal government fights wildland fires.

It was a hot summer day in August 1949, not unlike what we have recently experienced, when a Forest Service Fire Guard, James Harrison, reported a small fire in a little, funnel-shaped gulch along the Missouri River. The temperature was 97 degrees with a light wind from the north and east. The fire was located 20 miles north of Helena, Montana in a roadless area called the Gates of the Mountain. Parachuting 15 smokejumpers was decided to be the best approach to reach this remote area quickly to control this relatively ordinary fire.

Once on the ground, the smokejumpers joined the Forest Service Fire Guard to fight the fire. As they moved down the gulch toward the Missouri River, the wind quickly shifted from the south, funneling a strong wind up the gulch. As they got near the Missouri River, a wall of fire blocked

their access to the river. The fire was getting hotter and swiftly moving up the gulch. Retreating back was their only solution, however, it was a hard hike back up the steep rocky slope of the gulch. As the firefighters retreated, dropping their equipment, a 30 foot wall of fire raced toward them and eventually overcame them.

In the end, only three firefighters survived—Wagner "Wag" Dodge, Walter Rumsey, and Robert Sallee. Thirteen firefighters died as a testament to the power of a fire "blow up" which had raced down and back up the slopes of Mann Gulch faster than men could travel. Mr. President, I would like to take a moment to name those thirteen brave young men who lost their lives that day—Robert Bennett, Eldon Diettert, James Harrison, William Hellman, Philip McVey, David Navon, Leonard Piper, Stanley Reba, Marvin Sherman, Joseph Sylvia, Henry Thol, Jr., Newton Thompson, and Silas Thompson.

This tragic loss 50 years ago, however, should not be remembered only in a somber way. We should remember the many positive changes that have come from this disaster. After investigating the Mann Gulch Fire, the federal government made a stronger investment in fighting wildland fires. For example, in 1954, President Dwight Eisenhower personally opened the Aerial Fire Depot in Missoula, Montana. Understanding how wildland fires behave and how to best fight them also increased with the opening of research laboratories in Missoula, Montana and Macon, Georgia. Development of new techniques, such as "safety zones" and new technologies, such as reflective "fire shelters," were made to increase the protection of fire fighters in the midst of a fire. These changes were made in large measure due to the sacrifice these thirteen brave men made on August 5, 1949.

There is one last step that needs to be taken. Congress needs to address some of the problems in maintaining the high quality of our nation's fire fighting crews. Yesterday I introduced legislation which will do that. I trust my colleagues will join with me in supporting this bill to ensure its passage. What could be a more fitting tribute to all the brave men and women who have lost their lives fighting wildland fires than to enact legislation this year to strengthen the quality of our nation's firefighting crews.

Mr. President, I invite my colleagues to join me in honoring these brave men for their dedication, sacrifice, and contributions to protect America from wildland fires. To these men who revered honor and honored duty, we salute them.●

#### TRIBAL COLLEGES AND UNIVERSITIES BRING HOPE TO NATIVE PEOPLE

● Mr. CAMPBELL. Mr. President, I want to express my support for the 31 Tribal Colleges and Universities that provide hope to America's Native communities. The Tribal College movement began some 30 years ago and has a proven track record of success as an integral, viable part of Native American communities.

I believe the Tribal Colleges are the nation's best kept secrets in higher education, and it saddens me to report that the Tribal Colleges are the nation's most underfunded institutions in higher education.

In comparison to the mainstream community colleges and universities system, the Tribal College movement is still in its infancy. Over a 30 year period, Tribal Colleges have managed to change the social landscape of Indian country, operating on a shoe-string budget while maintaining full national collegiate accreditation standards.

Tribal Colleges currently operate on a budget of forty percent less than what mainstream community colleges receive from government sources. This is a remarkable feat. Tribal Colleges continue to survive despite these and other difficulties such as problems in the recruitment and retention of faculty due to remote locations and inability to offer competitive salaries.

Unlike other schools, Tribal Colleges do not receive automatic state funding for non-Indian students since they are located on Indian trust lands even though they provide GED, remedial and adult literacy programs for all students, and also doubling as community, cultural and child centers.

Enrollment numbers exceed approximately 26,000 students being served, with growth rate averages of approximately eight percent per year. With this growth rate, these institutions must have adequate funding to meet the growing demands being placed on these tribal educational hubs.

Tribal Colleges are experiencing an enrollment boom and with steady level-funding, will actually see the quality of services deteriorate. I am supportive of efforts to find and provide additional funds for Tribal Colleges as are many of my colleagues.

Studies have shown that Tribal Colleges significantly decrease employment rates, substance abuse and teen pregnancy in some of the nation's poorest communities. More than forty percent of students who attend Tribal Colleges transfer to four-year institutions, and a majority of them return to assist their reservations after receiving their degrees.

I would like to cite two examples of many success stories of the positive impact of the Tribal Colleges:

Justin Finkbonner of the Lummi Nation graduated from Northwest Indian